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Licensed

*Roger L'Estrange,*

emb. 20. 1670.

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THE  
VISION  
OF  
*THEODORUS VERAX.*

BY  
*Bryce Blair, Gentleman.*

LONDON,

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1671.







To the most Illustrious  
and High born Prince,  
*James Duke of Monmouth*  
and *Bucclugh*, one of his  
Majesties most Honoura-  
ble Privy Councel, and  
Knight of the most Noble  
Order of the Garter, &c,

SIR,

**I** *T bath ever been a-  
mongst the first of  
my wishes and desires,  
to render my self known,*

A 3 (and

## The Epistle

(and if possible) acceptable to Your Grace, by some special and signal Service : But seeing (through the malevolence of an angry, and frowning Fortune) that honour is denied to me ; yet, generous Prince, do not disdain to look upon the effects of my ambition, (poor and inconsiderable as they are) with a propitious eye. If I be presumptuously bold, in this testimony of my profound respect,

## Dedicatory.

respect, I hope your Grace  
will impute it to no other  
cause, but to your gene-  
rous, courteous, and affa-  
ble deportment to all,  
which disdains not the  
meanest and obscurest, as  
well as the more glorious,  
and resplendent objects.  
I throw my first Labours,  
& Rustick yet Maiden-  
Muse at your Graces  
Feet; and I humbly im-  
plore, that both may be  
shrowded under the wings  
of Your Noble Patro-  
nage,

The Epistle, &c.  
nage, where they shall  
find a sufficient Protection,  
against all carping  
Zoylists, and ill affected  
Detractors, which will be  
an infinite satisfaction  
and honour to

*Your Graces*

*Most Humble*

*and devoted Servant,*

B. BLAIR.

THE



THE  
VISION  
OF

*Theodorus Verax.*

I Am to treat of what never was, or shall be done;  
\* either for the Stile or the fancy, None will be offended, who loves mirth and sport, friends of old to learning, and to the Muses. It is but a Dream, and that I may declare without reflection. If it be a Crime for me to  
B dream,

\* Because a Dream is but a Dream.

## The Vision of

dream, then must we accuse nature it self; for it is as impossible to restrain our roving fancies (especially when we are asleep) as it is to bind the very winds.

*For what all day we do or  
think, we keep  
The same, oft-times, in mind  
when we're asleep.*

The night doth receive both our cares, and delights, and represents the same as it were in a standing fog or mist, when sleep creeps in upon us. For though the efficacy and power of the soul be divided, and distracted into several parts by  
sleep

sleep, yet it is in its force, and being deluded by vain fancies, in the very shadow of death, goes about the functions of this life, the counsels of men, yea and idle toys. So that mortals have not tranquility always, without toyl and labour. When the day is ended, we take the remainders of our cares, and toys to bed with us, and either they strike our sleeping members with fears, or tickles them with joy. But now I begin to go on : if any hath pleasure in a Dream, let him bestow the loss of a little time therein.

It was in the latter part of the night, when (being in a

## The Vision of

deep sleep) I thought I was walking amongst certain Hills near a City, divers and spring-like pleasures had cloathed the Earth (the cold winter being gone,) and when in the entry of a thick Grove I was thinking upon the Nymphs of the Woods, and was moving my fancy to write a Song to *Sylvanus*: I am carried into a great Cave whereinto a natural row of trees made one entrie: the leaves whereof did cast a shade over the same: Close by, and at the top of a most clear Fountain there was Tables made of Turf, Garlands strowed on the Ground, and certain remainders of a sumptuous



ptuous banquet. The ground as yet wet with Wine, did make it appear that there had lately been a Feast in that place. There came a certain Marriage-sound, and Light from the farthest end of the Cave; whereby it was evident, that there were some of the Nymphs brought to her Marriage-chamber by her new Bridegroom. As I was admiring this secret place, I espied some Verses, written on the nearest Beech Tree.

*There is a power, or pleasure,  
that doth bind*

*The minds of mortals; beasts  
of ev'ry kind,*

*Fowls of the Air, & Fishes of  
the Sea,      B 3      Are*

# The Vision of

Are prone (we know) to charming  
Venery.

Pleasure's a Princess every-  
where, we find

The same in Rivers, stately  
Trees and Wind.

You Country people, now give  
o're to think

Of dayly toyl, be merry, dance  
and drink.

Give unto Uenus, and your  
garden God,

First fruits of Corn and Wine,  
make no abode

Till it be done, the Fields has  
Gifts in store ;

For without such, feasting  
shall be no more.

By riot doth the God of Ban-  
quets still

Preserve his power, his plea-  
sure to fulfill. The

*The Countrey Gods bath also  
power in this,  
To riot, since it's so, is not  
amiss.*

*Love and bright Venus to re-  
joyce doth move,  
Love grows by Venus, Ve-  
nus grows by Love.*

*Their Verses, and Predictions  
needs must be  
Sacred, a God doth write  
them on a Tree.*

I had just done reading,  
when behold one of a most  
magesticke presence did shew  
himself to me, out of the  
space betwixt the light and  
the darknes, I thought him  
to be the very image of all  
the graces. His habit and  
coun-

**The Vision of**

countenance, did denote him to be both Man and Woman, and his original to be from *Mercury* and *Venus*: the rest of his apparel could both effeminate a Man, and augment wantonness in a Woman: His Head beset with Roses, and Gems, his Hair perfum'd, and trim'd up in curled Locks, did sweeten the very Air. But frequent and tart Vomits, the symptoms of an overburdened stomach, did deform all those pleasures. I did easily conjecture him to be some God of Banquets, & an unknown preses of joy. For he was of a delicate complexion, and did seem to be very merry, he was pleasant

in his carriage, young in his years, and ruddy with wine, and was picking his teeth with a silver pin, as if the reliques of some of the meat had been sticking therein. In the mean while he comes streight up to me (you would have thought that some *Egyptian* Statue had been moving;) and that he might seem to despise riches, he trampled upon *Jewels* throne before him as he walked. A Boy did follow him at a little distance, who, being of a lively countenance and brave attire, did resemble Luxury. A delicate Maid also (that the female sex might not be wanting) did attend him, carry-

## The Vision of

carrying in her hand a Cymbal garnished with Gold, and whatever the Muses, and my Lady Pleasure did invent to stir up wantonness in the minds of Mortals. Those two did observe the motions, and footsteps of their Master; for presently (he having given them a sign) they come up to him, and began to sing. This unusual, and altogether divine melody, did ravish me, and being o'recome with the sweetness thereof, I began to fall asleep, when behold this *Androginus* (for such an  
 \* one I took him to be) did hold a Torch to my eyes, and did dissipate all clouds of heaviness therein. Then  
 be-

\* Androgini  
 people in Africa  
 of both kinds.  
 Hermaphro-  
 dites.

beholding me with eyes  
wherein anger might be seen;  
are you ignorant, saith he,  
that watching is due to my  
sacrifice; neither is the Sun  
as yet set, and begin you to  
sleep? If you do not know  
my divine power, amongst  
men I am esteem'd a God,  
and the genius of Love and  
Joy. I am the God *Cornus* \* \* *God of Ban-*  
*quets.*  
who have taught mankind to  
revel, and gormandize. I  
have advanc'd my Empire  
far and near, and am every-  
where worshipped and ado-  
red, ever since the *Sybarits* \*  
began to be famous through  
the world. Now my sacrifices  
mentioned by Writers, are  
performing with luxury and  
plea-

\* *People of Sy-*  
*baris in sensual*  
*deliciousness*  
*passing all o-*  
*thers.*

## The Vision of

pleasure. And in fine, all the Kingdom of Pleasure is mine ; neither is any happy but he who belongs to me. My garb also becomes me, for I have got the fertility of either Sex, and I know both how to give and receive pleasures. Men worship me as a God, Women as a Goddess ; but both adore the same Genius ; neither is this without reason. The image of *Venus* in *Cyprus*, he's hair on its face, in a Womans attire, of a Mans stature, and a Scepter in its hand, that she might seem to be both Man and Woman ; and *Venus* being my Mother, I could not declare my self to be her  
Son



Son, unless I were able in both the Sexes. Now what a punishment is the life of man without pleasure. Therefore if you be wise, shun the one and catch hold of the other: Consider for what end nature brought you to the world; it was not to torment your spirit with a severe virtue, nor to thrust your self out of the fellowship of felicity; but to make it happy by all sorts of pleasure, and to nourish it with delights, as a most tender spark of thy short life.

*Thou art a mortal, wish to be  
so still,  
That thou mayst take thy pleasure  
at thy will.* I

## The Vision of

I suffered the boldness of  
such a prophane speech, with  
impatience, and did detest  
this unlucky God as a dismal  
prodigy ; Flight was in my  
mind, but wings in my  
desires : when behold I was  
invironed with, and lifted up  
in a thick cloud, and so car-  
ried away by a strong gale of  
wind, so being buried in the  
thick fog, in an instant I am  
caried to an unknown world.

\* People about  
Bosphorus  
north East from  
Greece : their  
Country is al-  
ways very dark  
by reason of the  
far distance of  
the Sun ; also  
a people in Italy  
between Cumæ  
and Bajæ, who  
dwelt in Caves  
and were invir-  
oned with  
very high hills.

*Thick Gloomy walls Cimmer-  
ians \* do possess,*

*Who never bates bright day, so  
much the less*

*Do they enjoy bright Titans  
glorious light ;*

*Because oppres'd with dark-  
ness & long night.*

And

And had scarce touched  
the Earth with my Feet when  
the Cloud did vanish, a part  
whereof sat down as wearied  
with its journey, on the woo-  
dy bank of a neighboring ri-  
vulet ; and another part of it  
augmented the darkness of  
the Heavens, I began to look  
about me, and at the farthest  
end of a valley, I discern a  
huge and stately House.

*Great stately structure, that  
might well uphold  
The Gods, and Heav'ns, ease  
Atlas now grown old.*

The entry glorious with  
Lawrels, and Lamps, did de-  
clare it to be the Palace of  
*Comus.*

*Comus.* I was now almost at the foot of the stairs, when one calls me ; I looked behind me at the Voice, and saw my most intimate Friend *Aderba* hard by me, brought thither by the same power : after I had saluted him, I told him I was glad to see him in that place, where I might have him for a Witness, and Companion of my Fortune ; and him especially, whom I made a partaker of my heart and studies formerly. Having imbrac'd me most affectionately, I shall be yours, my good friend *Theoderus*, faith he, while I breath. But now truly this I know not, whether I am, or am not, or whether

whether I be altogether separate from the society of the living ; For I have my mind as well as my eyes clouded with darkness : I know not whether fate, or sleep deludes me, I think I am born of a cloud, out of which I am thrown into another world, where the dead walks, and darkness is adored ; *Aderba* spoke this with a low, dull, and hoarse voice ; so it did plainly appear, that some nocturnal power had influence on his speech ; and when I beheld him at a nearer distance, I perceived that the blood fled out of his face whilest he spoke. So taking him by the hand, Courage,

C                      say

## The Vision of

say I, my Friend, and rowse  
 up your spirits, we are safe if  
 we will but play the men.  
 There is darkness alwayes  
 where ever you close your  
 eyes as well as in this place.  
 But this is a place of horror,  
 says *Aderba*, and I believe  
 can afford Ghosts and Spi-  
 rits as well as Hell it self;  
 when I found him in that  
 humour, I did indeavour to  
 drive away his vain fear by  
 an answer in Verse.

*For what's our vertue, and  
 our purity,  
 If with black darkness, we af-  
 frighted be?  
 I will be bold to speak, what  
 can fears do*

*Beset*

*Beset with darkness, if we will  
allow  
Vertue her right, and what's  
to candor due.*

Therefore let us take courage, and go where our common destiny leads us. Do you not see this excellent and stately Palace of *Cornus*? Let us go through it. This boldness shall both be profitable, and pleasant unto us, or else I am deceived in my opinion. I had not well spoke those words, and was beginning to move, when a great and terrible Dog assaults us both, out of the neighbouring Cave.

## The Vision of

*His threefold bark resounding  
in the skie,  
Did us surprise with fear, most  
suddenly.*

We were apt to believe  
that it was *Cerberus*, Therefore  
turning to *Aderba*, tell  
me now, say I, that we are  
dead, that this is the entry of  
Hell, and that it is defended  
by the rage of this three  
throated Monster; but because  
he is not bound with chains,  
we must bind him with  
silence : Play you the part  
of *Sybilla*. *Melle soporata  
& medicatis frugibus offam  
Objice.*

*Throw*



*Throw him a Loaf that doth  
the entry keep ;  
And I shall enter, when he's  
fast asleep.*

*Aderba* laughed at my preposterous jest ; but making no delay, he took up a Stone, wherewith he did give the Mastive a great stroke in the forehead : The Dog expressing the smart of his wound by his confused howling, was coming upon us, with a staggering pace, to revenge his hurt ; But *Aderba* suppress his fury with a second stone, and laid him along upon the ground. You would have thought that

## The Vision of

\* The Dog that  
kept Gargon's  
Cattel, whom  
Hercules slew  
when he stole  
the Cattel,

*Gargittius* \* the Dog of *Gerion* had fallen, whilst we were lying upon him; as he was looking on the ground, I perceived a Golden Collar about his neck, beset with nails of Iron, and in its border this inscription.

The Dog *Lyrus*, the brother of *Cerberus*, the delight of *Comus*, the watch of this Palace, whoever hurts me with stone or stick, shal know that there is a God offended, and may expect the Destiny of *Hecuba*. \*

\* who after the  
destruction of  
Troy was (as  
Poets tell)  
turned into a  
Dog.

When I had done reading, we are undone, saith *Aderba*, looking upon me, and in a labyrinth, unless Fortune shew us some sudden way of safety.

safety. Now was *Aderba* making ready for the conflict, and was preparing himself to receive some company or other of Ghosts or Spirits, when we hear the Palace Echo with sudden cries and tumults. I was not a little struck with this Alarm, and was expecting to be transformed, \* when behold a great multitude of drunken Revellers sets themselves in order to meet their King, who was now coming. Then the Dog *Lyrus* lying on the ground before as if he had been dead, stirred up either with the Lights (for there were Torches carried before them,) or with the noise;

\* The Destiny of  
Hecuba to be  
turned in:  
Dogs.

!      **The Vision of**

got to his feet, and wholly disposed to fawning, did shake his joyful tayl, as if he would make sports to his Master ; *Aderba* thought it fit to make use of so good an occasion : Let us thrust our selves into this Company, says he, while we may ; for this very hubbub it self will open some port of security to us    In the mean while enters *Comus*, attended with two Ladies, Riot, and Wantonness. To what purpose shall I declare his Pomp and Magnificence ? His Garments richly perfumed, did cast forth a most sweet smell. Love, and Madam pleasure did follow him ; the Graces,  
De-

Delights, Comeliness, and Joy, did follow Love and Pleasure; with Saturity was her sister Ebriety, with her hair loose, her face red like the morning, shaking a Javelin with her hand; and in fine, resembling *Bacchus* in every action: Near those were madness, fury, brawling, chiding and fighting, then vomit, Crudity and Diseases.

*Et subita mortes, atque intestata senectus.*

But there were some who shin'd with Majesty amongst that infamous Rabble, Seven men who were called *Epulones*, \* Tribunes of this Multitude.

\* whose duty it was amongst the Romans to furnish banquets for Jupiter and the rest of the Gods, and in this place for Comus.

titude. Last of all, came a Company of Prodigals, and Gluttons. There was one who resembled *Sardanapalus*. \*

\* The last King of Assyria, who so exceeded in effeminate weaknesses, that he was wont to sit spinning and carding amongst light and shameless Strumpets.

\* A Noble Man in Rome, famous for his prodigality in feasting

\* One of the Roman Emperours who lived a most sensual and voluptuous life.

\* The chief of the sect of the Epicures, who esteemed man's chief felicity to consist in the pleasure of the soul and mind.

Another *Lucullus*, \* another *Heleogabolus*, \* and another (least there should not be Philosophers amongst them) who represented *Epicurus*, \* a seemly thing indeed, to hide Luxury in the bosome of Wisdom, and to seek a veil and protection for vices, from a favourable authority. More innocent is that saying, which affirms, that *Epicure* taught what was both

both just and grave; for that pleasure he speaks of may be made but a little fault in him; for what ever Laws we prescribe to vertue, the same did he to pleasure. He commands us indeed to obey nature. But what's enough to Nature will be but little to Luxury: What's the matter then? He who calls sloathful idleness, and the courses of gluttony, and lust, a happiness, seeks a good Author to a bad subject; & when he comes that length, being induced with a seeming favorable authority, he doth not follow that pleasure he hears spoken of, but what he fancies to himself. So the Master receives  
the

## The Vision of

the disgrace of vice from his Followers, and *Epicurus* is in the Society of *Comus*, because *Epicurians* indeed are there. At the heels of all followed gloomy night, darkness, sleep, silence, dulness, terror, and fear, who dispersed themselves and vanish'd in the entry, at the brightness of the Torches, and everywhere glittering Gold.

*Mean while with noise did all  
the Palace ring,  
Some makes the purple beds,  
and some do bring  
The brave and costly Carpets,  
and another  
Doth with his band the fine  
smooth Tables cover.*

The



The whole house was busied with joyful service, there were so many Cooks, and Servants of all sorts, that they might have made an Army.

*To rost with Spits some did  
their work it make;  
Others did fine flower out  
with Baskets take.*

*Aderba* was at a stay with admiration, but I told him unless the image, & speech of the God did deceive me, they were the solemn sacrifices of *Comus*, and that they were performed, for every man to behold. Prepare your self to see and give your applause,

## The Vision of

plause, you may be one of the Teachers of their Mysteries, say I to him. Let alone to speak of that, replies *Aderba*; yet if you desire me to be a beholder, I shall be *Argus* not *Aderba*, and shall imprint this ridiculous scene in my mind. Let us in the mean while go into the inner part of the house, whilst the heat of this raging and noise-making multitude is in its height, where we may satisfy our growing curiosity more secretly. I consent, and with much ado opens my way through this croud. *Aderba* did follow me, and seeing the most part of this Multitude disguised, he whispered me  
in

in the ear, that people began  
to mask themselves\* now the  
better to effectuate their bad  
designs. I being moved with  
the thing, takes an old man  
standing near me by the arm,  
and asked him, whether those  
people had ugly faces that  
they behoved to hide them.  
You see, says he, the marks  
they have; by those bonds  
is the rage of their mouths,  
and teeth bridled. They  
are dangerous *Getulian* \* *The Author compares them to such Monsters for their bad lives.*  
Monsters whom you take to  
be men; but it's a fine thing  
to live under a Vizard, to fain  
a countenance, that your  
mind may not be known, to  
put on hypocrisie, that your  
manners may be commend-  
ed:

## The Vision of

ed: yet with such Cardinal-like Ornaments doth *Comus* adorn his Priests. Being entertained with this drol-ling speech, we came to the next entry. Here did a youth stand, with a great Bottle of Wine in the one hand, and a big Cup in the other, filling the liquor to those who entered. After he had saluted us with a belching, smelling of Wine; and Nectar, if you be dry, says he, take a Drink of this Wine: *Aderba* took the first pull, and turning to me, tast it, says he, and stir up a desire of Eternity in your mind.

For

*Theodorus Verax.*

33

*For now since Heav'nly  
Nectar I do drink,  
That it's an entry to new life,  
I think.*

He had scarce spoke, when  
I wash'd my throat with the  
same; This divine Liquor, say  
I, would stir up thirst in  
men already drunk. But to  
let you know the delights of  
our house, says the youth a-  
gain, this wine is so common  
with us, that our very slaves  
lashes it out like water, and  
with that word desired us to  
go into the banquetting-  
house. In the entry where-  
of we see the naked statue of  
*Venus*, made of white marble,  
as if she had been coming

D

OWE

## The Vision of

out of the foaming waves.  
To what end shall I hide her  
shape to the detriment of her  
beauty? In this Marble, *Venus*  
was represented to the  
life. *Cupid* hard by her, a  
Boy of lascivious carriage,  
like to his Mother, arm'd  
with wings, Bow and Flames,  
wherewith he burns and  
torments the hearts of poor  
lovers, did with a blind force  
shake one of love's darts.  
Near the wall upon the  
right hand was the figure of  
*Bacchus*, fresh and lively,  
with the ripe fruits of the  
Vintage, he had a Javelin in  
his hand, but its point was  
made ineffectual by a knot of  
Ivy, hanging therein: upon  
the

the left hand was *Ceres*, having her head dressed with Garlands, made of the ears of Corn, pouring out in a large Cup, the happy fruits and golden plenty of the Fields. There you might also behold the solemnities of a wedding, by which I understood that we were come to the Bed-chamber of *Comus*. For there were new-married Virgins walking veiled, with their marriage Rings on their hands, and seeming to sing marriage Songs. So having taken a view of this holy place, \* we returned into a stately Gallery, where we fed our eyes with new causes of admira-

\* This is spoken  
Ironic.

## The Vision of

\* Famous Painters.

\* All Famous Carvers.

tion. Here were *Zeuxis*,  
*Paccasius*, *Apelles*, \* and all  
the rest of that occupation.  
Here were *Lysippus*, *Phidias*,  
and *Praxitiles*, \* so we did  
behold the wonders of meer  
Art, either drawn or carved.  
As I was going slowly, and  
looking about the Gallery, I  
see one at the end thereof  
walking with a superstitious  
pace. He seem'd sometime  
to speak, sometime to hold  
his peace, when he was me-  
ditating he stood like a sta-  
tue, incontinently he walking  
hastily, and throwing his  
arms across, he did con-  
found his whole speech with  
his foolish gesture. He was  
making a Song in praise of  
dark-



darkness, which he had never  
seen sober,\* and did so much  
extol it, that he had almost  
obscured the whole Heavens,  
and was like to have turned  
the world into another *Chaos*.  
So he begins.

*\*That is to say  
he was always  
drunk before  
saw in the af-  
ternoon, which  
holds good of-  
tentimes in the  
person of a  
crackt brain'd  
demi poet.*

*No Sun as yet did give the  
world its light ;  
Nor yet did grow the Horns  
of Luna bright.*

And again,  
*That Alcmena should not  
great Jove escape,  
He turn'd himself into her  
husbands shape.*

And again, *Mars* did fre-  
quent his *Venus*, Love his  
D 3      *Phyche*;

## The Vision of

\* Because re-  
welling is for  
the most part  
done in the  
night, therefore  
the Author  
makes a mar-  
riage betwixt  
the god thereof  
and darkness.

Phyche; and now, says he,  
(when poetical Fables fail'd  
him) the god *Comus* is given  
in Marriage to *Nox*. \* So  
when he had run over the  
subject of what he had to say,  
and ended his speech more  
obscure than night it self, he  
took out of his pocket a little  
stone book, and began to  
mutter some ambiguous  
words. I thought I had been  
at *Athens* in the School of  
the Stoicks: But coming up  
to him with a chearful coun-  
tenance; I pray you Sir, said  
I, (if I be not troublesome to  
you) tell me if Learning  
dwels in this place? He com-  
ing as it were out of a deep  
study, Are you inquiring  
con-

concerning Learning, says  
he? yes yes she dwells here:  
The Treasure of Wit, and  
Learning is in very great e-  
steem amongst the *Cimmeri-*  
*ans*. *Bacchus* gives us con-  
fidence, and eloquence, drink  
and be merry in this place a  
short time, and you shall pre-  
sently become a Poet. It is  
not so difficult a journey  
from hence to *Parnassus* \*, as  
every man thinks. Endeav-  
our to make but a Satyre, or  
Epigram, gather together  
a number of lyes and calum-  
nies, scoff at the virtues of o-  
thers, flatter vices, and cor-  
rupt manners, and you shall  
presently become a Poet.  
This he spoke, and was going

*A Mountain in  
Greece famous  
by the Poets for  
the Muses  
dwelling there.*

## The Vision of

to describe the whole family of *Apollo*, when some servants come, and tells us, that *Comus* was set down to Table, and that he waited for his Guests. Whereupon in an instant *Aderba* and I are left alone. What do we stand for, says *Aderba*, to me? we may go in with them without fear. For though you have no stomach for their dainties, yet we may behold their vanities; and with that we followed the rest into the great Parlour. At a little distance did *Comus* sit down by himself, and all the rest of the company sat down, according to their Age, Sex, and Dignity.

*Ipsa*

*Theodorus Verax.*

41

*Ipsa sinus accincta Ceres Bac-  
chusq; laborant  
Sufficere.*

To what purpose shall I  
give you a relation of his  
magnificent Dainties? his  
Meat was corresponding to  
the Dignity of his House; al-  
beit the Marble-pavement  
had divers Emblems cut  
thereon, albeit the roof of the  
House did glister with gilded  
Pictures, yet his Dishes did  
out-strip all those, both in  
Art and Value.

*Loud sounding Cymbals, and  
melodious Lutes  
Did sweetly sound, as also  
Pipes and Flutes.*

But

## The Vision of

But casting my eyes about the Room, I spied an old Man of a lively countenance, upon whom when I had looked more attentively, Is this my very good, and dear Friend *Tabutius*, or do my eyes deceive me? yes says he, very joyful to see me; you behold your friend, full of years, and brought here from the very *Insubrians*, \* And doth sleep, say I to him again, carry such an old age upon its wings? It is so says *Tabutius*, and I am now reflecting seriously upon my youth, as if I had not changed my habitation but my age. In the mean time up comes *Aderba*; and throwing

\* A People inhabiting a region of Gallia Cisalpina, now called Lombardie.

ing his arms about his neck, whilst he was speaking, did kiss him most tenderly ; but *Tabutius* taking us aside to the furthest part of the room, began his Speech in this manner.

This *Cimmerian* God is not unknown to me ; in my youth, my blood did boyl within me, as well as in others : I spent some part of my time in sports and revels. We have no spring without blossoms ; but it is not granted by nature to blossom at all seasons ; Therefore having laid aside all trifles, I set my self to serious matters, to quietness, and to learn wisdom. I beheld the type of

## The Vision of

\* The three  
Daughters of  
Achelous and  
Calliope, who  
on a rock of the  
Sea were wont  
to sit, and by  
their sweet  
Songs to draw  
Passengers to  
them, whom  
they slew \* they  
have been  
younger it seems  
than Tabuti-  
us; for young  
men are sooner  
taken with  
Luxurious and  
Venereal de-  
lights than old  
men are.

a dissolute and corrupt life,  
only to reprehend, and laugh  
at it. Imagine me to be U-  
lysses, whom all the *Sirenes* \*  
cannot allure. But it be-  
hoves you to be strangers to  
this place, \* and not so much  
as frequent the same in your  
thoughts. This *Comus* is a  
fomenter of vice, insnares  
the spirits of men with de-  
lights, and effeminates them:  
These two whom you see  
there, *Luxury*, and *Lascivi-  
ousness*, are vices, and ex-  
tinguish what ever is  
good in man. What is the  
rest of that wanton rabble,  
but noxious blasts of wind,  
that can hardly blow upon  
you without danger of infe-  
ction.



tion. There is no love here, but dissimulation, no true friends, but Lords and Masters. Do you not behold their pleasant, and jovial countenances? under those do they hide their envy and malice. If you be not cautious, their feigned courtesie will deceive you: Neither can you so much as admit of a benefit from them without hurt; *Comus* he's banished candor, and ingenuity, but he's made dissimulation and deceit free Citizens. They are courteous until they think they have obliged you; But then they assume the command, and if they have not a friend altogether conforma-

## The Union of

formable to their will, they begin to hate him. But to speak the truth, ambition did first introduce those faults, and the good use of feasts, and friendship was lost, after the moderate offices of humanity were stain'd with Luxury, I had rather speak by example than by words. You know your selves that love and frugality are not inconsistent. In a Feast there should be neatness, but a comely and well-beseeming neatness. Without prodigality, trouble, or ostentation. Dishes to refresh, not overcharge the stomachs of your Guests, they should not suffer the smok of their  
Kitchens

Kitchens to allarm the Centinels, as if their houses were ready to be turn'd into flames, nor should they let all their neighbours know that they are to feast their Guests. As a wise man lives, so doth he likewise care for his friend, and disposes him to sobriety no less by his example than by his words. But to what purpose is a grave Speech against luxury, if his Actions be disagreeable to his Speech,

*Qui Curios sumulant & Bacchanalia vivunt.*

*Who fames himself a Curio  
to be*

\* A Gentleman  
of a grave am-  
ble and un-  
spotted life &  
amongst the  
Romans,

In

## The Vision of

*In speech, but lives most prone  
to Luxury.*

I hate those men, who have  
wise Speeches in their  
mouths and folly in their  
minds, have a care that your  
good behaviour do not disa-  
gree from your natural incli-  
nation thereto. He can easily  
confute luxury in words,  
who hath begun so to do in  
his good carriage, and I dare  
do it, especially amongst  
you, whom I know inclined  
to vertue. Such friends  
would I desire always pre-  
sent with me, to such would  
I still keep a free Table.

*But*

*But of a Gormandizer I'm  
aware,*

*Who cares not for my small  
and homely fare.*

I so prepare Meat to my  
Friends, and orders my  
Feast, as if I were to Sup a-  
lone; neither is it a shame  
for me to shew my frugality,  
wherewith none but unsober  
men will be offended. To  
what purpose is it to be so  
prodigal, and to be at as  
much charge for one Sup-  
per, as a mans Estate will af-  
ford him for many dayes?  
how sweet is that fare that on-  
ly expelleth hunger, that nou-  
risheth, but not destroys the  
vigor of the mind, that feeds

E

but

## The Vision of

but doth not overcharge: A Guest should be sent away, that as he came, so the next day he may return. He pays too much for his Supper who loseth his health thereby: and he takes too great a price for the expence he hath been at, who useth authority to endanger mens healths by eating and drinking. But says *Tabutius*, let us go to the next room, where we may discourse with more freedom, and greater secrecie? So he leads the way and we follow. Here was nothing but quietness. The Torches and Lamps did cast a dull light. Sleep had sweetly diffused it self amongst

amongst them. Some whom the fume of the Wine had intoxicate, were lying along the chairs, others lying with their heads together on the Pavement were as yet hugging their jugs. *Aderba* pleased with the sight, what, says he, are those also Poets? But I told him, that *Comus* was the Muses *Apollo* in this place. Then *Tabutius* looking with a great gravity, spoke in this manner. all those shews which you see, and have seen are deceitful and hurtful; yet with such is the mind of man, through bad custom corrupted. Therefore consult your reason, and despise such impostures; for there is no

## The Vision of

true liberty but in wisdom,  
nor glory but in vertue.

*To shun a vice is vertue, sure  
you'l grant,  
Wisdom begins when we do  
folly want.*

If you regard your liberty, be strangers to this place, to sit, drink and babble are the solemnities of their Feasts: by such is sobriety o'recome. But if we will obey her precepts, whatever is above hunger, and thirst, will be noysome to us; And is it not a great trouble to a sober man to sit all day & all night at a Banquet? It would be a folly to relate their flattering



tering speeches when they invite you. They will tell you that you shall sit as short time as you please, you shall eat and drink what you will; and that there shall be no Cups press'd upon you more than if you were at home; but when they begin to grow warm with wine, then they change their speech.

*Come, pray you, eat and drink  
and merry be,  
And please your sensual appetites with me.*

Spare some hours to your Genius and friends, say they, let serious matters alone till to morrow, you should not

## The Vision of

overwhelm your minds with clouds of care; for Feasts were ordain'd to this end, for men to refresh their wearied minds with mirth.

*Old Cato's Vertue did grow  
warm  
With Wine oft-times, &c.*

Imitate him, and lay aside your severe gravity for a short time, that you may return more fresh, and lively, to your cares and troubles. They must be obeyed, though against your will, and so the Dinner is prolonged till late in the night, and the Supper till the morning; and Meat finds no rest to digest for drinking. Then

Then the Guests themselves (for the most part) are as lascivious, as the Masters of the Feast; for the very Air cannot please them, unless it smell with oyntments and perfumes, and that nothing may be wanting to lasciviousness, you would think that all *Arabia* \* were removed to the *Cimmerians*. Before they sit down they must wash, neither is this without prodigality. For *Comus* \* he's found out a better Liquor to wash with than water, (which yet *Pin-darus* calls the best,) compos'd of the juice of flowers. They care not for pure water, wherewith men by a

\* Because the best perfumes in the world are in Arabia.

\* By *Comus* is here to be understood the prodigal customs of the times.

## The Vision of

wholesome instinct of nature, did use to quench their thirst. Then there is a complementative contest about their Seats ; every one seemingly refuses the place, but they would all have it with equal desire. Here did *Tabutius* make a pause, and as if he had been gathering matter of a further discourse, he desired us to lay up those serious matters in our minds, whereof he had been treating, and withall did give us an invitation to walk. With that he rises himself, and leading us along slowly, he promised us a long narration. We had taken two or three turns through the room,

room, when one of those who were sleeping, did awake, and being troubled that the Lights burned so dully, he runs and pours more Oyl therein, by which darkness, in a moment was expelled. So that with the new Light, there was also a new occasion given to *Tabutius* to enlarge his broken off discourse. But whilst we are preparing our selves to hear, behold our good friend *Eupantus* comes running out of the dining Room, dragging his Cloak after him as if he had been in great hast, yet shewing Vertue not Luxury in his countenance. He was beginning to speak, but *Tabutius* prevented

## The Vision of

vented him ; how now says he, do you forsake the delights, and mirth of *Comus* after this manner ? where are your Garlands ? and why do not you mask your self as well as others ? I would do any thing, replies *Eupantus* to get out of this place ; for I have not found the God *Comus* here, but hissing, and reproach ; Calumny he's thrown her drunken poyson upon me. So many tongues, so many stripes, which could hardly be digested by the stomach of some self-denied Philosopher. I was welcomed with this unexpected punishment, before I knew my Crime ; But asking what my  
fault

fault was, they answered that I had offended the God of Feasting by a twofold impiety. Then *Tabutius* interrupting him; by what impiety I pray you, says he? the very same replied *Eupantus*, whereby you taught me two vertues: to wit, sobriety and silence. I offended indeed, because I did eat, drink, and speak little; and I was reprehended as a Scholar of Pythagorical gravity, because I did hold my peace. This is to be regrated, that you should be calumniated, and reproached, because you knew to bridle your tongue. Yes says *Eupantus*, banishment is prepared

## The Vision of

pared for me by the Tribunes of this drunken rabble. Therefore I am resolved to prevent them, and to be gone this same night, that it may be known I go of my own accord, and not by compulsion. After such like speeches were ended, he inquired for his friend *Virus*: did you not see him says he to *Tabutius*? For they say he is also wandering in this place of darkness; but he will fall into some misfortune if he do not beware, and get him gone quickly. Lay aside your fear for *Virus*, says *Tabutius*: he hath been circumspect enough, and is gone already, and we are going



going the same way. Go you before in a good time, and we will follow you. Whereupon incontinently bidding us farewell, he went out of the Palace by a postern Gate. Then *Tabutius* thinking upon the adventure of *Eupantus*, began to reassume his Discourse in this manner.

This talkative humour, (for the want of which *Eupantus* was reprehended,) is now one of the greatest faults committed in a Feast, and it's become so impudent, as to assume the name of vertue; too much talk he's repressed Eloquence, and boldness, modesty. But O such speeches! there is nothing

## The Vision of

thing that's serious, good, or grave therein, & words proceeds from their mouths with great imprudence. Herein are they blame worthy, not to premeditate what they speak, and to speak unadvisedly what proceeds from their mouths only.

*Quod enim in corde sobrii,  
Hoc ipsum in lingua ebrii.*

*What a man doth sober think,  
The same he vents when he's  
in drink.*

As the mind of man, ' so  
is his speech : one speaks of  
his Merchandize, another of  
his Actions at Law, the third  
of

of his Riches, and another of his Pleasure and lusts, and another boasts of his Pride and Arrogance. Modesty, Ingenuity, honest Poverty, and wisdom are ill-spoken of, as Enemies to Vice. Whatever any man speaks or does in a Feast, is blown in the ears of the whole Assembly, and a number of drunken criticks, slanders mens Reputation, and blames the judgment of others, because they are deceived in their own. There are some of them again, who regards nothing but their Gold, nor no man but themselves. They look upon Learning as idle toys, and despise not only  
Learn-

## The Vision of

Learning it self but the effects thereof. But seeing we have begun to speak of Learning and its effects, let us (laughing at their idle opinions) make a little, but useful digression concerning the same. It is an excellent effect of Learning, when a man gives his good life, and carriage, as an example to others, when his writings are not so much regarded as his deeds. It's more commendable to be good, than learn'd, though both be praise-worthy. It's the goodness of your wit may make you learned, but it's the excellency of your soul free from terrene passions, and

& taken up with more pure, and spiritual objects, must make you good. So you should exercise your wit to make your mind glorious; none are content with the blossom, all seeks the fruit. Erudition is the flower, and wisdom is the fruit. But we are oft-times deceived with the shadow of unprofitable studies; for what we do only for pleasure, is either unprofitable, or hurtful; and to be curious to know trifles, is no better than to know nothing at all: *Quæ sive continuas nihil tacitam conscientiam juvant: sive proferas, non doctior videberis sed molestior.*

F

But

## The Vision of

But now we have walked enough, let us take our Seats, says *Tabutius*, and begin our speech where we digressed. *Feasts* says he, for the most part are the very Seminaries of babbling. Sometime they cry out, now they speak all at once.

*Fit strepitus testis, vocemque  
per ampla volutant  
Atria.*

I detest that company, where you cannot hold your peace without reproach, when it would be a folly to speak. And it is a folly to speak, when none are silent. As one loseth his labour, who  
plays

plays on an Instrument near to a great fall of water from a high place ; so it fares with that man, who would begin any good discourse in *Comus* \* Company ; Therefore I think he speaks best who holds his peace. Yet this was *Eupantus* his crime; but if we would look aright into the thing, it was because he was sober, and had not put his judgment out of its proper place through intemperance. Now I have said that garrulity proceeds from ebriety. It was a good saying of *Bias*, when at a Feast one call'd him a Fool, because he was silent : but what Fool can hold his peace, says

\* To begin a grave discourse amongst a company of drunk-  
en babblers.

## The Vision of

he, above Cups. I will add also the answer of *Zeno*, mentioned by *Plutarch*, as a great Elogy of silence. A certain man of *Athens*, feasting some of *Philip* King of *Macedon*'s Embassadours, did also invite certain Philosophers, when all were speaking, and every man putting in his fine witty tale, only *Zeno* was silent; The Embassadours admiring the same, yet entertain'd him courteously, and drinking to him, desired him to show them, what they should say to their King concerning him. Nothing, says he, but that there was an old Man in *Athens*, who could be silent  
in



in his Cups. Let us follow therefore and put in practice that laudable Speech, and despise those drunken, and foolish babblers, to whom the very name of a grave, and quiet man, is hateful. Learned Antiquity did oppose silence, to ebriety; and Philosophers did give this definition of Ebriety; *vaniloquentia in vino*, A babbling in Wine; drinking, saith *Plutarch*, is not very blameable, if it be done with silence. But a drunken Man cannot but play the Fool, and is still prating in all places. How deservedly is *Eupantus* to be commended, who did preserve the authority he had o-

## The Vision of

ver his judgment, in the midst of such talkative madness. There should be some amongst so many who should give ear, and they cannot do so unless they be silent. Yet I do not approve of a speechless Feast; it's comely they speak if they time it rightly, and do not speak too much, but with sober men, with few, and with their equals: but in *Comus* his Feasts there is ebriety, multitude, and disparity. Feasting now adays, is neither thought fine, nor pleasant, wherein ebriety is not predominant. Ebriety (saith *Seneca* most excellently) kindles and discovers every Vice, it re-  
moves

moves Shame, that is oft-times an hinderance of bad practices ; For there are some who abstain to do evil, more through shame than fear of punishment. Where too much Wine hath intoxicated the brain, what ever ill lyeth hid in man, comes out suddenly. Ebriety doth not beget\* but brings forth vice. The libidinous man, in drink, doth not wait for a Bed to satiate his Lust therein ; the hasty man doth bridle neither tongue, nor hands ; pride domineers in the proud, cruelty in the cruel, and envy in the envious. After this manner they live, and they go by

F 4      Cups,

\* *Yes is both  
begets and  
brings forth  
vice.*

## The Vision of

Cups, as by degrees, to foolish madness. One drinks your good health, another your Mistresses, another your good fortune, ev'ry man quaffs it out; and if you do not the like, you wrong the God of Banquets, and your Friends. He who drinks to you, as he was made quaff it out, so he presses you to do the like, or else must do it for you, whereby he cannot favor another mans health, unless he drown his own, and so vices begun when men are in drink, grow strong when they are sober. Then begin they (being mad with drink) to sing wanton and lascivious Songs, which is followed by

by a confused bellowing of the whole multitude. But how opportunely he's the series of my discourse brought me to speak of this! for do you not hear this very same kind of Musick, either I am deceived, or the same is performing we are speaking of, and with that holding his peace, he did give both of us liberty to go, and behold, while he himself took a little repose. Then taking *Aderba* by the hand, let us go, say I, and behold with our eyes this foolish custom. So making no delay, I came to the door, leading *Aderba* along with me, where we did see with our eyes, all that  
*Tabu-*

**The Vision of**  
*Tabutius* had told us to be  
 true.

But another show, worthy  
 the taking notice of, repre-  
 sented it self to us an, old wo-  
 man full of years and wrin-  
 kles, carrying in her visage,  
 the deserved punishment of  
 her former impiety, that is  
 a nose shorter, than what na-  
 ture had given her, dragging  
 a great Munkey in a chain,  
 which did so observe the mo-  
 tion of its Leader, that men  
 would have thought the old  
 woman had been teaching  
 the beast to dance a Carrant.  
*Comus* in his merry humour  
 commanded this old Hag to  
 come to him, whom he most  
 kindly saluted again \* and  
 again.

\* Because a  
 Hawk is one of  
 Comus his  
 especial Fa-  
 vourites.

again. This honour made her so bold as to place herself at the head of the Table, and as the only Priest of *Venus*, enjoyn'd the whole company to live and love. Whereupon *Aderba* seeing the confidence and impudence of this deformed Pander, inquired of an old man standing near him, what she was. This woman said he, was of old the Nurse, now the Mother and Friend of *Comus*; all her business is to make new marriages every day, and to find out convenient places for Lovers, where they may enjoy their stoln imbraces with security; nay, she is able to bring

*Jupiter*

## The Vision of

*Jupiter* and *Diana* together without the help of a golden shower, and that you may know her fidelity to the bawdy interest, she hath lost her Nose in the Service. Then said *Aderba*, I pray you Father, do me the favour to tell me how she came by that misfortune, whereupon the old man taking us aside, and conjuring us to secrecy, began this Story as followeth.

There was a Lady in the Country of the *Cimmerians*, wife to a person of Quality, and in her, had beauty, and chastity (Graces seldom found in one person) centred themselves, according to the  
com-



common opinion of all. But as Vices are oft-times veiled with vertuous Pretensions; so this Lady, chaste till married, was immediately inflamed with an unlawful affection, (such is the efficacy of immoderate lust) and placed that kindness due to her husband, upon a soldier, whom she had seen accidentally in a Bath. At first her Husband admired what occasioned the coldness of her conjugal duty, and obscured the usual serenity of her pleasant countenance, endeavouring by all caresses imaginable, to banish out of her thoughts, those melancholick symptoms of a trou-

## The Vision of

troubled mind : But when he could by no means reduce her to her former complacency : he presently suspected some new love was striving with his, for the sovereignty. For although she did carefully conceal her licentious passion, with the veil of hypocrisie ; and endeavoured by her discreet deportment, to suppress her lascivious desires, yet the perplexity of her mind, her unquiet nights, her interrupted discourses, and several other tokens of a heart inflamed with lust, were sufficient arguments to him of her adulterous desires. Besides this Gentleman, raging with

with jealousy, did take such notice of her behaviour, that *Argus* did not more carefully observe the motions of *Io* \* the mistress of Jupiter whom Juno turned into a cow, and set Argus who had one hundred eyes to watch her then he did hers. And at last to try her fidelity, he pretends a journey, thereby thinking to detect her disease, and confirm himself in his opinion. So taking Money, and other necessaries for three weeks stay ; away he goes the next morning, The Lady (loth to lose such a fair opportunity of obtaining her desires,) sent for this old woman, as the fittest instrument whereby to put her designs in execution, to whom she discovers her passion, will, and pleasure, and giving her

## The Vision of

her a piece of money, promised her larger rewards, after the performance of the business. The time appointed by them for her gallant to come, was the same night; so away she goes in search of the Souldier, and finding him, did inform him of the passionate love the Lady had for him. Whereunto he consented, being forward enough of himself; and therefore promised to be walking before the Gate, at the time appointed. In the mean while lest her love should grow cold, she provided a Bed, Banquet, and excellent Wines, wherewith to entertain her martial Gallant.

The

The Sun did leave our Horizon, as ashamed to be a witness of their wickedness, when the Souldier mindful of his appointment, makes hast to the Lady's House, but the Gate being shut (for he was not to knock) he walked too and again, till it should be opened to him. In the mean while, the Husband (lurking in some Friends House all that day) at night made homeward; and when he came near the Gate, he perceiv'd a Souldier, walking before the same, whom he imagin'd to be the *Mars* of his *Venus*; so he went in, making as little noise as possible; and running in a fury into  
G his

## The Vision of

his Wife's Chamber, he finds her sitting, solacing her self with the thoughts of her approaching content: but her Husbands sudden return did strike her with such a terrour, that she sate like a Statue (such influences ha's sudden surprizal upon the spirits of women, that it deprives them of their natural vigour, ) her guilty conscience fearing his rage and jealousy should force him to give her the just reward of her merits. On the other side, his passion had so deprived him of his natural faculty of speaking, that he was forced only to breath out that reveng which his rage would not suffer

suffer him to utter in words. Neither need he use many to convince her of her bad intentions, for her preparation, and her good meat already upon the Table did accuse her, and then the lusty young Souldier walking before the Gate, all high presumptions of some dishonest intention. But to be short (resolving to make that a night of torment to her, which she had ordain'd for pleasure,) he strip'd her naked, and so led her to a Pond, in the middle whereof he tied her fast to a post, thinking by that means to cool the heat, that had occasioned her malady, and his jealousy. There stood the

\* A Lady of  
exquisite beau-  
ty, tyed to a  
Stake at the  
Sea shore to  
be devoured by  
a Sea monster,  
but rescued by  
Perseus.

Lady like *Andromede* \* ex-  
pecting some new *Perseus*, to  
rescue her from the fury of a  
jealous husband ; but the  
anxious Husband goes to  
bed, there to pacifie his trou-  
bled mind with a little rest.  
All this while, the Souldier  
(who had promised to him-  
self, the sweetest delights *Ve-  
nus* could afford,) was impa-  
tiently expecting the open-  
ing of the Gate, and when he  
had waited long in vain, he  
goes to the old womans  
house, where he finds her  
half naked, going to bed ; at  
what rate, saith he, must I  
buy this promised delight  
from the Lady ? I have spent  
the better part of the night in  
wait-



waiting for the opening of the Gate, but it may be a deep sleep hath made her forget her appointment, go your way, and desire her to let me know her pleasure, and if she have a mind I should come, I am ready; if not, to defer it till her conveniency shall serve. Without delay the old woman putting a Mantle about her shoulders, and taking the young man by the hand, lead him to a postern door, and with a Key she had got from the Lady, she goes in; but she had not gone far, till a lovely milk-white Statue presented it self to her view, whose snow-like whiteness did give light,

## The Vision of

in the obscurity of the night. This unexpected sight did at first surprize the old woman; but finding it to be the Lady (without so much as condoling her misfortune,) she delivers the Souldiers Message to her, which in spite of her present condition was yet very acceptable to her. The Lady no less crafty than fair, begins to accost the old woman with perswasive language, promising her great Rewards, and giving her assurances of perpetual friendship, if she would untie her & help her to have private conversation with her Gallant. To be short she is perswaded to suffer her self to be tyed to her

her

her place (a show if exposed to publike view, would have forced laughter from the most dejected of men.) The Lady puts on the old womans Cloaths, and goes with all speed to enjoy her long desired pleasure. The Soldier imagining her at the first to be the old woman, desired to know the Ladies commands ; but her voice discovered her to be his wished, and long waited for prey, where we leave them to enjoy those pleasures, which love could afford. Now we return to the Gentleman, whose pensive spirit wearied with long watching, did at last give place to sleep. He

G 4      dreamed

## The Vision of

dreamed his wife had got lose, and not regarding her honour, was acting with the Souldier, and that he was transformed into a Satyre; whereupon awaking suddenly, he felt with his hand if his body was not overgrown with hair \*, or if he had horns and feet like to a Satyre. But if he had not Satyres horns, yet questionless by this time he had the horns of a Cuckold; Then leaping out of his bed, he runs to the window (as it were to examine the truth of this dream) and calls his wife by her name, but the good old woman understanding too late, the danger she had put

\* Because Satyres are so.

put her self in, thought it her safest way not to answer, thinking by that means to keep her self unknown; but the Gentleman more enraged at her obstinate silence, takes up a Knife lying upon the Table, runs down to the place where she was, takes his supposed Wife by the Nose, and cuts it clear off, then throwing it at her face; base woman saith he, worthy of a greater punishment and disgrace than this, take that and present it to your Lover, as a token of your affection towards him; and so rewarding his wife, (as he thought according to her merit) he returns to his bed,  
there

## The Vision of

there to think of this by-past action, and to find some quiet for his troubled mind. What shall I say of the poor old woman? she is almost dead with the pain of her wound, and the fear of a further mischief, not daring to vent her grief by howling for fear of being discovered. At last, the *Lady* took her leave of her Souldier, & returned to undergo what fortune had decreed for her, but coming to the Pond, the sadness of the old womans condition, made her admire the cruelty of her Husband, esteeming her self most happy to have escaped his fury; and now she endeavours to console the old  
 Woman,

*Theodorus Verax.*

91

Woman, and bidding her take a good heart, and tells her, that as scars of wounds were marks of Honour to the Sons of *Mars*; so that of hers, would be an everlasting sign of her fidelity to the interest of *Venus*, adding also, that she would supply the defect of her natural Nose, with an artificial One of Gold. With this last promise, the old Woman a little pacified, (who could have been content to lose her ears also for that mettal) tied the Lady again; and taking up her cloaths, away she marches; the Lady had not stood long at the Stake, till (recollecting her spirits, dispersed

## The Vision of

persed with the fear of Husbands further rage; the old womans misfortune, afforded her this trick, whereby to inveigle the understanding of her jealous Husband; and therefore, at first, with a low and mournful voice did speak up to him in this manner.

*Night's Queen, Heav'ns lamp,  
Jove's Wife, & sister bright,  
Why did I lately pay vows in  
your sight?*

*Goddess of Mari'ge are you  
cal'd and sees.*

*Such horrid cruelty with your  
bright eyes,  
You twinkling Stars, proofs  
of my honesty;*

*Wax*



Wax you not pale at much  
wrong'd chastity?

Behold here bound and naked  
do I stand,

Wounded unjustly by my Hus-  
band's hand.

I seem not chaste, though chaste  
indeed I be,

Wrong'd by the rage of Hus-  
bands jealousy;

Why do I live? what furies  
do possess

My spirits? I love to die, yet  
not the less,

I would die chaste, as any in my  
station,

If I cannot live with my repu-  
tation.

I love to die, and seek a man-  
like death,

But when I would, I cannot  
stop my breath;      Lu-

## The Vision of

Lucretia chaste, to be so, still  
declares,

When she, by death, did ease  
her self of cares.

But if (alas) this may not  
granted be,

My Beauty, and my Nose re-  
store to me.

Do not despise, great Queen,  
my bloody tears ;

And do revenge my Husbands  
causeless fears,

Let him feel the rage of thy  
Deity,

And do restore, what his  
curs'd cruelty

Did from me take, who,  
strange durst be so bold

On's Wife in raging manner  
to lay hold.

And now great Goddess I do  
humbly pray                      Thy

*Thy wronged power that ever  
know he may.*

After she had spoke in this manner, she seemed for a while to have some private discourse with the Deity, and to speak to her more familiarly than a little before. Then with a loud voice, directing her speech to her Husband, Come hither, said she, thou most cruel of all men, who intended the eternal disgrace of thy most chaste Consort; and behold that *Juno*, in token of my innocence, ha's restored this face to its former beauty, which thou, by thy tyrannical hands, had most impiously deformed. The  
Gods

## The Vision of

Gods knows my innocence ;  
therefore I do not regard  
what a wicked man either  
doth or thinks. O blessed  
night, more glorious to me  
than all the former days of  
my life, still to be celebrated  
by me while I live ; go on  
officious tears, and run on a-  
nother account. My face  
ought now to be wet with ri-  
vers of joy, after it is restored  
to its former beauty by the  
special favour of the Gods.  
But I call upon you, cruel  
and bloody Hang-man, come  
hither and understand thy  
wickedness ; that thou mayst  
avert the wrath of the threat-  
ning Goddess, if it be possi-  
ble, by thy sudden repen-  
tance.

tance. The Gentleman being in a great confusion at her discourse, knew not what the matter could be; at first he thought it to be some dream, or illusion of the night, and that such Miracles might rather be dream'd of than be in reality. But when he found certainly that he was awake, and had his mind free, nor did the woman abstain from her railings and curses, all his fierceness was overcome by a vehement fear, and the thoughts of her innocence did succeed it. Rising therefore out of his Bed, he lights a Candle to try the truth of the matter. And without delay, he goes

H down

## The Vision of

down stairs, and comes to his wife, at whose sight, being bound, he now trembles. Then beholding her face with the help of the light, he finds it whole, and sound, without so much as a scar. Whereat standing stupid with admiration, he began both to detest his wickedness, and to fear the sudden vengeance of the angry Goddess \*. Incontinently throwing himself on the ground, wet as yet with his wifes blood, he breaks out in tears and cryes. And with the same fervency, deprecating the wickedness of his impious fury, he looseth his most chaste Spouse, and as a signal testimony thereof, brings

\* *Juno.*

brings her again to her bed. So the Lady recovered both her Nose and the affection of her Husband. But the old woman, bribed with Money, packing up bag and baggage, did remove to the Palace of *Comus*, that the whole business might be the better conceal'd. She dwells now in this place, and using the old Trade, she is daily preparing crafty venereal Scenes. If you have a fancy for any mans wife, for a maid, or for a widow, she will find a way to bring you together; and by her means you shall find the full pleasure of love. For you must understand that in this land of darkness,

H 2      there

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## The Vision of

there are both Noble men who have handsome Ladies, and young lusty Gallants ready to do them all service imaginable.

The Old Man ending his Story, with a joyful laughter, did joyn himself to the rest of the multitude. Then did we return to the place from whence we came with a cautious celerity, & find *Tabutius* sleeping where we left him, who receiving us with heavy eyes, did ask us if we had seen enough of *Comus* distracted folly, and told that he had been sleeping while we were absent, which he would expel with another discourse. I had begun to speak of  
 Ebriety,

Ebriety, says he, now perhaps you have seen part of it. But what good man would not loath it? They lose their judgment lest they should find their feet, when it is time to depart, you must be carried or at least go staggering from the Table, lest you seem not to be kindly entertain'd. It is also almost natural to some to begin and end the day in drinking. Their thirst begins betimes in the morning after their precedent night surfeit, neither can it wait till Dinner. They hate the day, and sit up whole nights, that they may enjoy the benefit of light in darkness, with the grea-

The Vision of  
ter delight. They rejoyce

*Crassos transire dies lucemq;  
palustrem.*

\* To make light  
in darkness  
with the mul-  
titude of lamps  
in their drink-  
ing Rooms.

They had rather make \*  
day then have day ; for they  
esteem more of Torches, and  
Lamps, than of the glorious  
Sun, and they enjoy the  
night, but lose the day ; for  
when we watch when we  
should sleep, we must of ne-  
cessity sleep when we should  
watch. And least any thing  
should be wanting to their  
folly, they guard themselves  
against ebriety by all devices  
imaginable ; and herein is  
the victory purchased by art,  
he is the bravest fellow, and  
de-

deser-  
best  
Pot-  
and  
thou  
stan  
hav  
and  
ven  
ther  
you  
val  
ver  
bot  
Th  
tre  
and  
ton  
ety  
Th  
sta

deserves praises, and lawrels  
best, who is able to see his  
Pot-companions overcome,  
and lying at his feet, al-  
though he be scarce able to  
stand himself? But when you  
have obtain'd the victory,  
and when after they have gi-  
ven it over, and are lying ei-  
ther sleeping or vomiting at  
your feet, and when by true  
valour forsooth you have o-  
vercome them all, yet the full  
bottles shall overcome you.  
Then comes paleness and a  
trembling of the members,  
and a more pitiful leanness,  
torments you, through ebri-  
ety than through hunger.  
Then faintings and such like  
staggerings, though sober, as

## The Vision of

when they are in drink. After those comes Dropsies, and a swelling in the belly, while the womb receives more than it is able to contain; then there is a breaking out of a waterish bilious humour, and a wasting of the body, pains in the joynts, a debilitation of the nerves, and a palpitation therein: Then followeth Vertigo's in the head, the pains of the eyes, and ears, the torments in the brain, and the several sorts of some raging, some lent feavers. So that multitude of diseases are the punishment of Luxury. For if we will follow the opinion of Physicians, we will find that all those dreggy clouds

clouds of sickness, are sent forth of the fen of intemperance. A great part of mankind doth destroy the strength of the body by their excessive pleasures, so they bear the evils of extream old age before their time. If Ebriety would cease, the life of man should be more happy, and our Clergy need not be at the pains of making so many elaborate Funeral Sermons. Good Gods! how violently doth wronged Nature revenge her self? Scarce doth miserable mortals injure their bodies by their riot, but they find the punishment thereof. We may therefore the more easily forgive

## The Vision of

give this foul fault of drunkenness, because they suffer so much for what they do commit in that nature, their very sin turns their punishment. What need I speak more to you, to make you detest this vice? Let them drink and debauch, but know assuredly, that pain, stupidity, weakness, diseases, and death it self, shall be the inseparable concomitants of their intemperance. When *Tabutius* had put a period to his discourse, we were entertained with a pleasant sight. One of those infamous fellows who were sleeping in the room beside us, burning with drought, gets to his feet, and snatches



snatches a Pot out of the arms of one of his companions lying next him, and when he had taken a great pull of the liquor, sleep coming upon him again, he laid himself down on a high seat, where again he was falling asleep, supporting his head with his hand, which did also follow his nods; but when it began to be heavier than his breech, he fell headlong from the bench, and dash'd his pate against a bottle full of Wine, wherewith the Vessel breaks; and giving the fellow a great wound in the forehead, did wet those were lying by him: some of those awakned with the sudden noise  
takes

## The Vision of

take their Comrade up, stays the blood, and incontinently binding up the wound with a linnen cloth, carries him away ; Then *Aderba* addressing himself to *Tabutius*, we have seen a fine sport saith he ; but whether worthy of laughter, or commiseration I know not. But now return to your discourse saith he to *Tabutius* ; and because you have spoken enough concerning ebriety, let us hear you speak against the multitude of Guests at a feast ; for (as I do remember, you did dislike of that in the second place. Whosoever doth make a Feast, saith *Tabutius*, should invite but few.

But

But now they think it a credit to have a multitude of Guests. Yet which of the Muses, or Graces ever had multitude in estimation. If we like to be merry, and the innocent pleasure of honest divertisement, we must not think to find those amongst a multitude; yet we see that great numbers are affected by all; and as *Crassus* \* used to \* One of the Roman Consuls. say, that no man was to be esteem'd rich, but he who could maintain a whole Army upon his own charges; so may I say that none is rich, but he who can make a Feast upon his own expenses. Every man affects this splendour even with the  
ruine

## The Vision of

ruine of his fortune, that he may frame himself to the examples of lasciviousness, and follow the fashion of the times and place wherein he lives.

The third fault is inequality, and that is for the most part in a multitude, when people are invited of divers inclinations, fortunes, sex, age and dignity. Let this saying of *Epicure*, be always in your memory; to take heed first with whom you eat, and drink, before what you eat and drink. Now here sits the ignorant with the learned, the rich with the poor, the man with the woman, the old with the young, and

and the noble with the plebeian. As you cannot mix water with fire without noise, so neither those without babbling. The worst amongst them takes upon them to speak, and the better sort takes all the authority upon them. Yet the baser sort finds their protectors, and thinks it a disgrace, that their liberty should either be despised, or neglected. Therefore I think it prudently done to be silent, and more prudently done not to go to such meetings at all, especially if you are to feast with drunkards, a multitude, and not your equals. Friends are as equals, they are ordinarily

## The Vision of

narily but few, and joyned together by vertue, and sobriety. Amongst such, discourse and hilarity are without offence; For as waters are more pleasant, which run with a gentle, and easie noise, so are Feasts, wherein are honest, pleasant, and well timed discourse, which are three vertues in a speech proceeding from so many graces.

An honest discourse is, what is spoken without giving offence, and whereto modesty has prescribed laws, offence comprehends, flattery, and scoffing, either against those who are present, or absent. Scoffing accord-

(according to *Quintilian*) is a reflecting speech with laughter. Flattery is a dissimulation, and deceit in mens words, which is worse than scoffing; Modesty and shamefastness, enemies to both those vices, doth exclude rudeness and obscenity. Let all those faults and crafty deceits in your speech, be removed far from you; for whether you express them in plain terms, or veil them with your own fancy, they remain the same in effect. But lest any man should accuse me of too much gravity, I would sometimes make my guests merry, by my jovial discourse. It

I

will

will be both a merry and profitable discourse, if it polish the mind as well as delight the ears. I would have innocent sports, the graces and the muses at Feasts, but not prone to riot and lasciviousness, I would have wisdom also present, but not deformed with the stern countenance of a capricious gravity. For the soul has sometime its own honey and nectar, and this divine mistress of all vertues, doth sometime proffer you the cup of honest pleasure. We should not, saith *Varro*, have discourse in Feasts, concerning too serious and anxious matters, but delectable, and profitable.



fitable ones, whereby our wit may be made more pleasant and fine; Which surely falls out, if we discourse of those things pertaining to the common profit of our life, and which would be no ill spent time, to speak of them in our ordinary affairs. And in fine, it is both profitable and pleasant to instruct, and be instructed, if it be timed aright. I would have a speech in the first place, arise upon an apt occasion, and good ground. That it seem neither caught before it come to you, or intruded, or affected, which is worst of all.

There are three forms of

I 2

speaking

## The Union of

speaking : dissertation or reasoning, narration, and question. When you reason, though you desire praise therein, yet you must seem to decline the same. Let your voice be pleasant, and fluent, and your gesture taking. Speak in such manner, that you may show your self ready to hear ; yea to be corrected, if any man speak better than your self : you should stir up your hearers to give their opinion, with some pauses, now and then, in your discourse.

In a Narration you must be serious in true matters, pleasant in what is feigned, and perspicuous, and brief  
in

in all Discourse of what concerns others with praise ; of what concerns your self with modesty : self vaunters are loathsome to all company. As some mens stomachs loath some meats, out of some secret antipathy ; so do such men offend the ears of their Hearers. For ( according to *Socrates* ) we must not make use of those meats, that do not stir up an appetite in us, so we must evity those speeches, by which we foment our own praise, more then the delight of our Hearers.

Now remains the Question to be treated of, which has an answer annexed thereto. Let

**The Vision of**

that be easie, familiar, and suitable to your company. As the clouds obscure the light of the Sun, so hath difficult questions the same effect upon hilarity.

Your Questions must be easie, (saith a Wise man) known Problemes, decent Interrogations, and not too subtile, lest they confound the ignorant. It's a folly to play the Divine and Philosopher, at a Feast, especially when we are warm with wine. But I will forbear to enlarge any more upon that Subject, and will speak something of an answer to a Question, because it is annexed thereto. Whereof there are  
three

three sorts. The first is a necessary one ; when we say we know or we know not. The second is a courteous one, when we mix our answer with civility. The third is a superfluous one ; when we go over the banks, so to say, and when the Question is overwhelmed with a torrent of garrulity, you shall hear it demonstrated by a homely example. You go to the house of *Socrates* to inquire if he be at home, some brisk fellow will give you the necessary answer, he is not ; another more civil, will give you the second answer, he is not at home, he is gone to the haven ; and if he think not

## The Vision of

that sufficient, he will add, some of his friends in *Ionia* are landed, and he is gone to welcome them. The third again, to whom prating is always pleasant, will confound his answer with a long speech, as if it could not be known that *Socrates* was from home, unless he did deviate from the Question, by making a narration of the whole state of *Greece*. Are you enquiring for *Socrates*, saith he, he is not at home, he went to the haven betimes in the morning, to entertain some of his *Ionian* friends, to whom *Alcibiades*, residing at *Miletus*, with *Tissaphernes* the King of *Persia* his Lieutenant,

tenant, did write, who before helped the *Lacedemonians*, and now in favour of *Alcibiades*, succours the *Athenians*; *Alcibiades* is about to agree *Tissaphernes* with the *Athenians*; that he may have liberty to return to his Country. So enlarging his discourse, he repeats the whole Eighth Book of *Thucydides*, until the taking of *Melitus*, and *Alcibiades* his second banishment. But I need prescribe no more Rules of this nature, you are a rational man, and therefore take what answer you think will please best, according to the Subject, Person and Place where you are. I shall  
end

## The Vision of

end my discourse with this of *Quintilian*. We should beware, saith he, that our answer be neither petulant nor proud, nor disagreeing with the time, and place, and that they seem not prepared beforehand, or brought from home with us.

*Tabutius* had scarce made an end of speaking, when the door opening, we see a man set in his head thereat, with a visor on his face, representing *Jupiter*, who so soon as he saw us, came suddenly into the room, and saluting each of us, through his visor, he complemented us with his nods and gestures. Incontinently taking me by the hand



hand, he fil'd the lap of my  
Cloak, with a shower of sweet  
hail \* ; I admiring the mat-  
ter, and what *Cimmerian Ju-*  
*piter* are you, said I, who  
strike me with such a sweet  
tempest. Then uncovering  
his face, Behold me your  
friend, saith he, having  
changed my habit, but not  
my affection. I looking  
upon the man, as if my eyes  
had deceiv'd me ; are you  
here also, said I, *Hyleus* ? and  
what means this bravery ?  
There are nocturnal Plays to  
be celebrated here this night,  
saith he, and I am to make  
one therein. There will be  
some here presently, who will  
dance the old and pleasant  
dances

\* *Deserts in*  
*Cernus his*  
*Feasts.*

## The Vision of

dances of the Muses, and Graces. Then did he so run out in the praise of dancing, both by his countenance and gesture; that he could hardly refrain from the same, whilst he was speaking to us. While we were lending our eyes and ears to his folly, in comes a Black-a-moor Boy, with a Torch in his hand, his very colour made him one of darkness companions. His deportment did denote him to be one of *Hyleus* his train. This Boy coming up to his Masters ear, out of breath, and whispering something therein, did name one *Cherestratus* and *Myrtilla*, whereat *Hyleus* being greatly moved, having

having scarcely saluted us, and reassuming his disguise, flings himself into the banquetting Room. Then began *Tabutius* ; Love is not without madness, and a burning lust stirs up this young man to nocturnal Revels. So it is always in *Comus* his Feasts, after they have eat and drunk more than plentifully, then comes their dancing, the last dainties of their lascivious hilarity. For after the Table is drawn, those Rites must be performed, though with a staggering motion. But what can be done with a good grace, where they cannot keep a *decorum* or measure

\* Invito Como  
saith the Au-  
thor, because it  
is not in the  
power of Co-  
mus himself to  
compel Virgins  
to be so.

\* The Author  
doth not alto-  
gether disap-  
prove of danc-  
ing, but of that  
which is not  
decent.

sure, through their ebriety; yet there are some fine handsome Maids to be commended, who sit the whole time of the Feast, like Statues, and will not drink \*, these dance sober; yet they suck in that wantonness when they are sitting, which they pour out in abundance when they are in motion. For it is not with them, according to the Latine Proverb: *Sine Cerere & Baccho friget Venus*; without good meat, and drink, lust grows cold. Look to that fervent and masculine impudence of young women, and behold if you can see any decent \* dancing therein, whereby you have reason to

to doubt whether drunken men, or women who are sober, play the fool most. *O tempora, O mores!* Maids come to Marriages and Feasts, where they languish, and grow pale, through mature lust, and those who are palest are the most courted, they affect this death-like colour with the greatest folly imaginable: But my Muse favour me and speak.

*O happy paleness! once hel's  
slave, and then  
Grim Pluto's Page, and  
darkness Partisan:  
An index of infamous lea-  
chery;  
Brother to ghostly death, fear  
and envy; But*

## The Vision of

*But now a Page, a Friend  
 and Servant still  
 To Venerary and Lust, blind  
 Cupid will  
 Call him his brother ; plea-  
 sing Virgins fair,  
 And mari'd women, ô strange!  
 Neither are,  
 Thought lovely, if this pale-  
 ness they have not :  
 O happy paleness ! once  
 bright beauti's blot.*

But let us return to the  
 dancing young Ladies, their  
 Lovers takes confidence in  
 their dancing, every man  
 court's his Mistress, takes  
 her by the hand, and dallies  
 with her.

He

*He stroaks her breasts, and  
takes her in his arm,  
Gives her a kiss, saith this  
will do no harm.*

*The custome of kissing, or  
saluting, is honest in it self.*

*Ther's nothing can be burn'd  
by smoak;  
But fire will both burn and  
choak.*

*We cover this fire with  
smoak, that we may sport our  
selves in the shadow of plea-  
sure with the greater delight.  
This is not the end of the  
journey, but some steps there-  
to.*

*Qui cubare vult panget  
saltem suavium.*

K

But

## The Vision of

But he who has a mind for a Maid, makes dancing, (oft-times ) an introduction thereto, and leads his Lady as his Bride, she follows him keeping the same measure, which inflames the young Gallant. So it comes to pass, that young womens bellies deceive men oft-times, as well as their painted faces; she will dance as a Maid who is presently to become a Mother, who will bring forth a Child, before she know a Husband, or perhaps a Father to it. To augment her Dowry, she brings both Cow and Calf to her Husbands House. And before the Husband has well begun to mature



nure the Ground, the Seed is almost ripe. I have known some of them, who, in the very heat of their nuptial Rites, did call for the help of *Juno*, and *Lucina*\*, and were brought to bed, in the very imbraces of their new Husbands, and that same night, and in the same bed, both a Bride, and a Woman lately delivered. But if Men would do as a young Gentleman did of my acquaintance, there would not be so many, who bring up the children of other men. This man did not think a woman his wife, whom he had married after another man had defloured her. She who

\* Women in travel used to call for the help of those Goddesses.

## The Vision of

came as a Virgin, was found (though too late) to be with child, and was brought to bed the second month after their marriage. This, though it vexed, yet did not cause the Husband bewray his mind, by any harsh usage to her, or to her Child, but comforting her, and mitigating her anxiety, by flattering dissimulation; do not vex your self, my dear, faith he, and let not your untimely birth trouble you, the sixth part of a year may make you a Mother, and me a Father; Nature gives not always the same time to bring forth, yea she grants a shorter time then two months to some creatures.

tures. But to be short, after the new-married Lady had recovered her strength, and had sacrificed to *Juno*\*, then did her Husband at length declare himself. Therefore to remove the disgrace from his Family, he commanded her to be gone; for his affairs urged him to have another wife. She obeyed him (though against her will) and so departed; but because (having tasted the sweet pleasure of conjugal imbraces) it was hard for her to want a Husband, she fil'd her Fathers house with her complaints. The report of this divorce comes presently to the ears of the Governour

\* The first time that women lately delivered went abroad, they sacrificed to Juno, as the Goddess of Marriages.

## The Vision of

of the place, who was Uncle to the Lady, he taking it as a great wrong done to him, in the person of one of his Family; sends for *Battus* (for that was the Gentleman's name) and after he had blamed this his rash act, in an eloquent and grave Speech, he did endeavour to reconcile the young Lady to her Husband, partly by threats, and partly by intreaties. Then *Battus*, who until that time had been silent, began to speak very smoothly. I always thought it, saith he, an uncomfortable thing to live without a wife, and that it was laudable, and praiseworthy.

*Libe-*

*Liberos hominem educare, generi monumentum, & sibi.*

For a man to bring up Children to be a Monument to himself and kindred. Therefore I suffered my self to be married to this woman, after I had examined the burthen of marriage, and strength of my Estate; As I was resolved to reckon as many Children as years, as the greatest expence I could be at, and thinking my self able to give an alimment out of my Rents, and Estate, sufficient to entertain so great a number, I accepted of both Wife and Dowry. But O what a sudden, and prodigious fruitfulness!

Scarce two months were at an end, when I hear the crying of a young Child ; I was a Father before I had well laid aside the name of a Bridegroom ; and without doubt she who brought forth in her second month, would have augmented my Family every year with six Children, so I should have had an Army of them, in a very short time ; but I was not a *Crassus* to maintain them. God forbid I should throw my self, and my Children into poverty.

Therefore, Sir, I beseech you to pardon me, and to seek a richer Husband to your Neece, who is able to  
beget

beget, and bring up Children, not only every two months, but every month once. So he eluded the Governours fair speeches, broke his severity, and punished the trick put upon him, by his discreet and witty answer.

*Tabutius* would have gone on in his Discourse, when a loud noise makes all the Pallace Eccho; Whereat those who were sleeping in the room, rising hastily, did rush into the great Hall; But *Tabutius* smiling, This is the end of *Comus* Feast, Go you and behold; but as for me, I will not lose my repose for any new fight. While we  
are

## The Vision of

are rising, in comes *Hylæus* his Boy to the Room, who could scarcely draw his breath with running. What makes you so afraid, said I? and where is your Master? Fury possesseth my Master, saith he, and I am undone, unless I save my self by flight. But do you not know, said I, to him again, that your Master is our good Friend? if you have done any fault, and be flying from your Master's wrath, we will intercede for you. Take that pains for another, saith the Boy; for I am innocent. My Master with an inconsiderate boldness, has begun a conflict, which I think he will not end  
so



so well ; and just now, being obliged by the (I know not what) punctilio's of honour, to take reparation of an affront done him by his rival, he has stirred up a number of drunken people against him. O what a madness is this ! He might have been content with the most ardent affection of *Cires* ; and forgot his perfidious *Myrtilla*. But (alas) I am partly the cause of it, who told him that *Cherestratus* was here. To gain my Master's affection, I have thrown him into manifest danger. After those words, *Tabutius* taking the Boy by the hand, desired him to relate that business more distinctly

## The Vision of

distinctly from the beginning. The Boy was not hard to be intreated, albeit he would rather have fled. Then taking his breath a little, he begins his Story in this manner.

There was one *Cherestratus*, a rich, and generous young Gentleman, adorned with Learning, and the knowledge of his Arms, who passionately loved a Noble young Lady, of an exquisite beauty in our City; But she had placed an ardent affection long before, upon my Master, who did not, for a time, much regard it. Those things fall oft-times out in *Cupid's* Kingdom, and one beauty

beauty pleaseth not all men ;  
But *Cherestratus*, concealing  
his passion from *Myrtilla* ( so  
was the Lady called ) for  
some cause or other ; the  
greatest part of his consol-  
ation was, to solace himself  
under her windows, in the  
night time, with the sweet I-  
dea of his earthly Goddess.  
His friend *Panentus*, finding  
out his Malady, did endea-  
vour to cure him thereof, by  
alluring him to come to the  
Countrey, thereby to draw  
the fewel from his growing  
fire, by pleasant Country di-  
vertisements. In the mean  
time, the mind of the Lady  
is exasperate, by the harsh u-  
sage of her Mother, ( for *Myr-*  
*tilla*

## The Vision of

*tylla* did live under her custody, after the death of her Father) and when she could not digest the contumely, (assuming confidence) she resolved by a clandestine flight, to put her self in the power of her Sweet-heart *Hyleus*. Her waiting-woman *Circe*, a comely and witty Maid, did augment her Ladies temerity with all her Rhetorick. This woman faining one day to go to the Temple, did secretly steal into our house, and having declared to my Master, her Ladies intentions, began to entreat him not to forsake a Lady, afflicted by the too rigid severity of her Mother, and

and that he would assist her, who loved him ; for *Jupiter* would be moved (saith she) to come down from Heaven, to assist such a Beauty. Then taking forth a costly Gold Chain, (which did once belong to the Father of her Lady, wherein the skill of the Artificer, had represented by divers colours of Gems, the rape of *Proserpina*,) presented it to my Master, as a pledge of her Ladies fidelity. My Master taken both with the Gift, and the Bearer thereof, condescended to all her Ladies desires, and obliges his honour to fulfil her commands. But while he is speaking to the Maid, she  
ad-

admiring his good mine, incontinently falls in love with him. Notwithstanding she goes on with her Design, and this way of their flight did please them best, that after the Setting of Sun, *Hyleus* should come to the Gate of *Myrtilla's* Lodging, receive her at the entry, and so carry her away. The Plot being laid, and *Circe* gone, my Master commands his Steward and Cook, to go to his nearest Country House, and there provide an excellent Supper. He makes two of his Comrades conscious to his Enterprize, whom he sends a little before night, to one of the City Gates, that they might cove-

covenant with the Keeper thereof for a free passage. He himself mounting on a *Thessalian* Horse, goes to *Myrtilla's* lodging; when he was come into the street, and near the house, he made his Horse stand, and there expected the out-coming of his Lady; But she being detain'd, beyond her expectation at home, could not so soon withdraw her self from the sight of her Mother. So *Hyleus* rides by the house into the next street, for fear of suspicion, with an intent to return shortly the same way. But now *Circe*, who knew her self to be in love, would needs go along with her Mi-  
L                      strefs

stress to find out *Hyleus*, the affection to her Mistress did colour her other pretences. But the Lady began to entreat her, not to hinder their common desires, by her unseasonable service; for how, saith she, can I deceive my Mother, if you go along with me? and how will one horse carry us both? but comfort your self, you shall come this same night; For when I am gone, I shall cause *Hyleus* send some of his Servants, who shall carry you away with the same diligence. The Maid being encouraged with such words, did commend the advice, and was content to stay behind



hind. Now *Chereſtratus*, who had ſpent ſome days with his friend, in great torment of mind, could not ſuffer the want of his Miſtreſs ſight any longer. Then making to the fire that inflamed him, he gives *Paneutus* the farewell, takes his Horſe, and comes to the town in all haſt. He made the day and the way alike long, darkneſs did cover the laſt part of his journey, and the City Gates were ſhut before he could reach. He began to ride about the walls to ſeek an entry, and coming to that port, which was ſtanding open for *Hyleus*, he entred thereat. Then, as having

## The Vision of

gotten his entry by some propitious Deity, he makes a vow with great confidence, that if he could gain any ground on the heart of *Myrtilla*, he would hang on Golden *Cupid* to the statue of *Venus*; So putting spurs to his Horse, he gallops streight to the Ladies house. He came a little after *Hyleus* past by, and making the Horse stand still just before the entry, he salutes the same with a sigh. But behold at the very same moment the Gate open, and the Lady prepared for her flight, seeing the Horse, came running to the Gentleman, and with a low voice tells him that she was ready, and that

that she had rather live for  
the time to come with her  
 Lover, than in the power of  
her Mother. So without de-  
lay mounting behind him,  
she embraces her lovely Cen-  
taure \* with her right arm.

The youth, adoring fortune  
by a tacid acknowledgment,  
turns his Horse, and spurs  
him forward the same way he  
came, desiring greatly to car-  
ry his lovely prey to some  
place of security. So away  
they come to the port, where-  
at they got not any hinder-  
ance by the companions of  
*Hyleus*; for not being cal'd  
on, they did not take any no-  
tice of those they knew not.  
But *Cherestratus* rode on, at

\* People of  
Thebes by  
the Mount Pe-  
lani, who first  
advised to  
break Horses  
for War,  
whereby it  
came to pass,  
that they being  
seen by other  
people on horse-  
back, were  
supposed to be  
but one crea-  
ture, which  
had the upper  
part like a  
man, & the re-  
ster part of his  
body like a  
Horse, in this  
place it's ta-  
ken for a man  
on Horse back.

## The Vision of

a round pace, and did not so much as make a stop, until he was ten miles out of the City ; then he began to think of enjoying the fruits of his labour. The calm night, and the pleasantness of the place did invite him ; for the Moon newly risen, and the twinkling Stars had overcome the horreur of the night. Hard by there was a pleasant Meadow encompassed with a continued row of Trees, and full of white and yellow Flowers, you would have thought that there had been Stars upon the Earth in emulation of the Heavens. *Venus* did seem to sport with love, on the green and tender  
grafs

grafs. *Cherestratus* setting the Lady down, dismounts himself, and tying his Horse to a Tree, gives his *Myrtilla* the first complements in kisses, she lifting up her eyes, could not discern the object of her joy in the face of her imbracer; but when she did not find it to be *Hyleus*, she had almost fallen into a swoon. Then did she with cries, and tears accuse Fortune, and began to tear her beautiful face and hair. But *Cherestratus* after he had employ'd the help of both tongue and hands, did first perswade her from doing violence to her face; Then did he endeavour to make

## The Vision of

her pliable, by his amorous complaints, Have pity upon me, saith he, else I am undone : this is not the first night of my affection ; therefore be not less pitiful then fair. Will you withstand the decrees of fate? you are safn almost by Miracle into the hands of your Lover.

*Do you resolve to resist my  
true love?*

*Doth not the place wherein we  
are, you move.*

By such like Speeches he stop'd her tears, and buried her words amongst her sighs. In fine, *Myrtilla* being mov'd with such manifest testimonies

nies of his affection, and obeying the will of the Gods, (as she thought) did admit of his Love. He thereby growing the bolder, and beginning with kisses, ended with the full fruition of his desires.

A little after *Myrtilla's* flight, my Master returns, and coming close up to the Gate, he hears a noise. For the Ladies flight being known through the house, the disconsolate Mother was requiring her Daughter from the Maid, and filling the whole house with fury. But she flying the old womans threats, having unlocked the Gate, comes running out, and think-

## The Vision of

thinking the man on horse back to be the same appointed to carry her away, she presently gets on behind him. On the other hand, *Hyleus* thinking he had *Myrtilla* behind him, comes rejoicing to his companions at the Port. Those Gentlemen, congratulating his good fortune, accompanied him to his Countrey-House, which was at the entry of a Wood, not above a mile from the City. I had just brought a lighted Torch to the entry, when *Hyleus* going to salute his supposed Mistress, did with his eyes find his error. Being in a great confusion, he began to expo-



expostulate with the Maid ;  
And what deceit is this? saith  
he, do you sell the embraces  
of your Lady after this man-  
ner? had you no Lovers in  
the City or do you despise  
men of your own Qua-  
lity, and will have none but  
Gentlemen to Gallant you.  
*Circe* admiring how she  
could be carried thither by  
*Hyleus*. Pardon me, saith  
she, I came a Virgin, and  
hope so to return; yet I might  
have followed my Mistress  
as a Servant, and run the  
same fortune with her. What,  
saith *Hyleus*, came *Myrtilla*  
out of Town before you? If  
you seek only sport, replied  
the Maid, and would hear  
from

## The Uliſſion of

from me, what you did your ſelf, I tell you ſhe was carried away, and you brought me hither a little after. But O the bounty of a courteous Miſtreſs! who ſuffered her Maid *Circe*, to be carried away by *Hyleus*; that the Maid might ſhare of the happineſs of her Miſtreſs. Then did *Hyleus* conſider too late, that his moſt beautiful prey had been ſnatched from him, either by ſecret fraud, or chance. herefore being exceedingly vexed, both with his diſappointed love, and the affront he had received, he asked his companions, whether they had ſeen an Horſeman at the Port, and

a woman behind him. We saw one, say they, and without doubt *Myrtilla* was behind him, and he took that way, which leads to the passage betwixt the mountains nearest the City, if you please to follow, you may overtake them before they be far gone. Whereupon they immediately remount, and so depart with all speed, leaving *Circe* behind them. We brought her in, and desired her to sup, which she refused; she gives liberty to her tears, and laments the misfortune of *Myrtilla*, that she might more freely sigh for *Hyleus*, and so loaths all our dainties and civilities. In the mean  
time

time *Hyleus* comes to the same Meadow, wherein the new Lovers had consummated their Marriage, and were as yet lying sleeping on the ground; who, after he had espied a Horse tied to a Tree, he looked about him, and sees the two Lovers in each others arms. Knowing the Lady to be his fair fugitive, he alights from his Horse, with an intent to pull away *Myrtilla*, and run her new lover through in her sight. But a more happy Superiour power did mitigate this cruelty: For his companions coming up, knew *Cherestratus*, and their ancient friendship did move their

their hearts to mercy ; therefore restraining the violence of *Hyleus*, with their gentle speeches, they perswaded him to wait for the awaking of the *lovers*, & by their own *confession* to know the truth of the matter. When this counsel did please them , they bind their Horses together, & lie down ; but wearied with their journey they immediately fall asleep. You would have thought, that sleep leaving the two Lovers, had transfus'd it self into *Hyleus*, & his fellows. For *Cherestratus* awaking at that same very moment, and by chance looking to that place, where at a little distanceth their horses were standing, tyed together,

## The Vision of

ther, he did admire what had brought saddled Horses there, at that time of the night. Then arising, and going on a little, he finds *Hyleus* sleeping. Returning to *Myrtilla*, he told her that *Hyleus* was sleeping hard by them, and thereby had given them the opportunity to flie the second time. But my dear, faith he, be not afraid, but get upon this Horse, I shall take care, that they return home, without further harm, because they have not interrupted our sweet repose. The Lady, though trembling, obeyeth, and now she begins to be afraid of *Hyleus* as much, as before she had loved

loved him. So much could one night do on a woman, whereby we may by infallible Arguments conclude, that *Cupid* is but a bastard whom *Venus* did not bring forth. But *Cherestratus* being informed concerning the Chain, could endure no love-token to be in the possession of his Rival, and as if he had not possessed his *Myrtilla*, except he had that costly token of her covenanted flight in his power, he went and privately took it from his neck. Then going to the Horses, he took the Bridles off the heads of the first and second, and threw them into a River running hard

M

by,

by, and mounting upon the third, which was that brave *Theſſalian* Horſe, whereon *Hyleus* rode, he followed his *Myrtilla* at a full gallop, and brought her ſtreight to the country of the *Cimmerians*. *Hyleus* at laſt awaking, got to his feet, and highly troubled with the ſecond flight of the two Lovers, did chide his companions as the cauſes thereof. But preſently miſſing his Chain, his former grief and anger turned into fury, and reſolved now to follow *Chereſtratus* no more as a Rival, but as a mortal Enemy. Then they went to their Horſes, where at length, my Maſter did underſtand,



stand, that he was either to be content with *Circe*, or nothing at all. And because the power of the fates did seem to have appointed *Myrtilla* for another then *Hyleus*, they began to think of turning home, and so without delay making use of any thing instead of their Bridles that were lost, they return all three upon two Horses. But my Master taken with the comeliness of *Circe*, did almost (for a while) forget *Myrtilla*, if his love had not grown cold by his too much satiety.

He came as you see into the company of *Comus*, where he finds *Cherestratus*, and sees

*Myrtilla* again, which was the occasion of the quarrel. But what do I hear? Their fury encreaseth in the inner part of the house, pardon me, for I must be gone, and seek some place of safety. So *Aderba*, and I go to see the event of the business, leaving *Tabutius*, meditating on the Boys narration. But his words were short of the truth. For it was no more a Feast, but a Conflict; such as was of old betwixt the *Lapiths* and *Centaurs*, we see *Hyleus*

*Magno Lapithis cratere  
minantem.*

And again *Cherestratus*  
no

no less furious in anger, than  
passionate in his affection, in  
a posture both of offence and  
defence. But one of the  
Cooks standing by, did de-  
mand his Sweet-heart *Circe*  
of both the Rivals, and when  
words would not do it,  
snatching the Dishes upon  
the Table (the effects of his  
luxurious act,) he began to  
throw them amongst them.  
One *Bilbius* also, a tongue-  
valiant man amongst the  
*Cimmerians*, came upon the  
head of a scurvy company of  
Jesters, but the durst not  
come nigh they menacing  
points of the two young, and  
furious combatants; yet they  
had almost dath'd out their

## The Vision of

brains with stones at a distance. But we did admire more at one of the dancers, who in the heat of the conflict, having his head wreathed with a branch of Lawrel, did urge the affection of a comely Maid, and to seem worthy of her affection, he would also play the part of a Poet, and so began to sing this Song to his Lute.

*My Dear, because a Poet, thou  
me hates,  
And is not moved with the  
famous fates  
Of the Pierian Muses. 'Cause  
men do  
Esteem Poets but Fools,  
thou'lt think so too.*

*Par-*

*Pardon, my joy, if that my  
Verses b:*

*Cause of thy scorn, me leave  
them, thou shalt see.*

*The heat of glory doth not  
urge me so,*

*But to enjoy thee, I'll all  
things forego;*

*I do delay. Be gone my Muse,  
be gone*

*To th'artick Pole, or the tor-  
rid Zone.*

*It's praise enough to please  
her, if that she*

*To love and to embrace will  
suffer me.*

*Some one, perhaps, who spies  
our lovely sports,*

*Our sweet embraces, kisses of  
all sorts,*

# The Union of

*Will write our Loves, and  
happy they'l me call,  
If out of thy heart, dear, I do  
not fall.*

*For to grow old in love, men  
shall us see,*

*The greatest joy, with thee to  
live, and die.*

After he had ended his Song, *Aderba* breaking out in laughter, I'le perish saith he, if ever this fellow made a Verse in his life ; For he courts his Mistress with another mans labour ; your friend *Laopyrgus* made those Verses, when he went to try if he could express the affection of a Lover. As *Aderba* was speaking, in comes the  
the

the same *Laopyrgus*, with a troubled countenance, and first pulling the Lute from this Demi-poet, he afterward threw his Garland from his head, at our feet. *Aderba* taking it up, (before I knew of it) set it upon my head. But the Maid, afraid at this sudden accident, did flee from her abused Lover, and following the Garland, as if she had thought her self safe under that shadow of *Daphne* \* threw her self in my arms.

I putting her gently from me, you are mistaken, said I, for I was married long ago; but if you seek more Verses in praise of your beauty, this man you see here, is a Poet;

or

\* Taken here for  
the Laurel-  
tree.

or if you ſeek a Lover, he is yet unmarried ; and with that I deſired her to go to *Aderba*. But in the meanwhile, in comes a ſtrong big Fellow, catches hold of her, and ſo carries her away to the wanton imbraces of *Comus*. At laſt, the counterfeit-Poet gathering courage, and ſnatching a Pot out of a fellows hand, threw it with great force at *Laopyrgus*, but he ſhunnd the violence thereof by the agility of his body \*. The women alſo mingled themſelves with the men ; ſome to lament the blood of their friends with doleful cries, and others to fight, and to augment the fury ;

\* Author doth not give you the cauſe of the conflict of all this multitude, but that of *Hyleus* and *Cherekratus* ; therefore we muſt conjecture it to be ſome taking part with the one rival, and ſome with the other.



fury, and amongst the rest was the old woman who wanted her Nose. Nor was she content to shew her fury by her cries, but pulling a Pole out of one of the Porters hands, did with the same lay about her with more than feminine force; and though her thrusts were ineffectual, yet by her blows she made many plain-fac'd people like her self. As if she had been revenging the loss of her Nose in this Conflict; she filled all places where she came with tumult and fear. When two of *Hyleus* his companions had felt the bloody effects of her rage; at last, up comes two strong fellows, and

## The Vision of

and according to the example of her Nose, with two blows cut off both her ears; While she is howling and crying for her loss, in come a Company of huffing Hector's, amongst whom was the Souldier who had debauched the Nobleman's Wife, and did seem to exact from her Adversaries, not only her Ears, but her Nose also, thinking by that attempt to ingratiate himself so in her favour, as should move her to bring him, once more, into the imbraces of his Mistress. At last the Tables were overthrown, and the Meat thereon trod under foot; Some were beat down

down with Stools, some were defending themselves with Spits, and all were raging with divers sorts of Weapons. Then *Comus*, leaving his Pleasure, comes into the midst of this raging Multitude to appease them; but their exasperate minds could by no means be induced thereto. Their fury increased, and did threaten some sudden mischief. But the God (because he found himself neglected, and despised) did vanish, together with Luxury and Lasciviousness. But their fury still continuing, they made use of the Torches, and Lamps, whereby all the Lights were  
put

## The Uision of

put out. Then did Night,  
Darkness, and all that black  
Multitude, which stood at  
the Palace Gate, break in,  
and all this *Cimmerian*  
darkness did vanish. But I  
awaking out of Darkness,  
Silence, and Sleep, did find  
all this to be but a *Dream*.

F I N I S.

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E R R A T A.

P Age 7. Line 5. for Their read *those*. p. 9. l. 13. for throne r. *thrown*. p. 14. l. 15. for hates r. *have*. p. 22. l. 3. & 4. for lying r. *looking*, and for looking r. *lying*. p. 105. l. 14. for gods r. *god*. p. 117. l. 14. for cvity r. *evit*.

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